WEATHER BULLETIN: WEATHER BUREAU, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WICHITA, Kan., Aug. 39, 1863.

Forecast for Wichita and vicinity-Warmer and fair until Friday night. During the past twenty four hours the bighest temperature was 80, the lowest and the mean 65, with clear weather high baremeter; northeast to east wind, and rising temperature.

Thus far this month the average temperature has been 76. For the past five years the average

temperature for the month of August has been 76, and for the 30 n day 72. FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer. WASHINGTON, Aug. 30 -Following is the forecast to Sp. m. Toursday: For Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma-

Dyspepsia does not get well of itself Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most severe

Variable winds; mostly southeast.

BASEBALL.

AT BOSTON.

Second game-

son and Kittridge. AT PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, 9, Pittsburg, 5, Errers-Philadelphia, 9, Pittsburg, 8, Batteries-Philadelphia, 5; Pittsburg, 8, Batteries-Philadelphia, Weyning, Cross and Taylor; Pittsburg, Earle and Killen. AT BALTIMORE.

Errors-Baltimore, 1; Cieveland, 11 your soul. You are sure you are going to choke, though you know you dare teries-Baltimore, Robinson and Mcterles-Baltmore, Robinson and Mc-Mahon; Ciev-land, O Conner and Young. AT WASHINGTON.

AT BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn......2 0 1 2 1 0 0 2 *- 8 Baschits—Brooklyn, 12; L. uisville, 6. Errors—Brooklyn, 4; Louisville, 2. Bat-teries—Brooklyn, Kin-low and Sharrott; Louisville, Grim and Hemming. AT NEW YORK.

Fatigue and exhaustion overcome by Bromo-Sellzer, Contains no opiate,

THE DAY INDICTMENTS. MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 30.—Frederick T. Day, president of the defunct Plankinton bank, who is under six indictments, appeared in the municipal court this morning and pleaded not guilly to the charges. He was released on \$30,000 batt.

SAFE, SURE AND SPEEDY.

No external remedy yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as ALL-cock's Ponous Plasters. They are sale because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medical princi ciples of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medical qualities go right to their work of re-HOW DO THEY KNOW.

CRICAGO, Aug. 30.—Two local papers will somerow amounce that the Chingman suit against closing the world's fair on Sunday will be decided against Mr. Clingman, This means the permanent Sunday closing

Japanese Liver Pellets cure billous: sour stomach and all kidney and liver troubles. Small and mild, Sold by Fred L. Richt, 126 North Main.

NEW YORK, Aug. 32.-Mrs. R. D. Shepherd, known on he stage as Miss Marie Prescott, died at the hospital of the Good

-The Newly Wed-"Edith did the natefullest thing at our reception, and I'll never forgive her." Consin Jane-Why, what could it be?" The Newly Wes-"She addressed Charles in the most pitying manner, and said: 'I hope ou'll be happy.' The way she uttered that word 'hope' was positively unbearable."- Roston Transcript.

It was evening upon the Midway "Yes, Abou Ben Maccaroni," the Arabic maiden was murmuring to her lover, "it is here that we "Wouldst thou not." he pleaded, "prefer to be united to the one thou lovest in sight of the boundless deserts of our native land, where the traditions of the forefathers surround and bless us?" "No." she persisted, "I'm stuck on the easy bownots they tie in Chicago."- Detroit

enough for two birds. What do you suppose makes it so greedy, Mrs. C.?" Mrs. Chimpannee-"I heard the keeper say it swallowed a pair of strong eye glasses yesterday, and they magnify its the ground, break the head off one of

What Can't Pull Out?



Watch Cases, made by the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia. It protects the Watch from the pickpocket, and prevents it from dropping. Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.

Sold, without extra charge for this bow (ring), through Watch dealers only.

Ask your jeweler for pam. phlet, or send to makers.

LEARNING TO EAT POL Acquiring a Taste for the National Dainty of the Sandwich Islands.

At your first meal, says a letter from Hawaii you inquire hungrily for poi. and there is brought you a little wooden bowl or calabash containing a queer-looking grayish sticky compound resembling paper-hanger's paste. regard it askance, and ask for a spoon, but are told it is to be eaten with the

"Why, no one could take that stuff

up in their fingers!" you gasp.
"O, yes, just see," and into a com panion calabash your instructor dips two fingers, and with a twirl, only ac quired by long practice, withdraws them loaded with the compound, which is at once transferred to his mouth and swallowed, his countenance assuming meantime an expression of beatified epicureanism. You do not know what expression may have taken its abode upon your visage, but you know your principal sensation is one of simon-

it toward your mouth your nose takes cognizance of a sour smell that har-ejaculation, open your mouth and suck the pol from your fingers. By a sublime effort of will you keep your lips closed over the mouthful, while your companion looks on interestedly, evidently expecting to hear your palate scream with delight. Meanwhile your imagination is working with lightning speed. The poi is cold and clammy. The poi tastes like stale yeast; it stings your tongue, ...02302212-12 and an unutterable disgust possesses not, and you figuratively take yourself by the throat and force yourself to swallow the compound. You can trace its progress through the esophagus by 9. Errors—Washington, 11: Cincinnari, 15: Batteries—Washington, McGuire and Meckin: Cloveland, Parrott and Murphy. the horrified shudder that organ gives as the mouthful passes along it; you can hear the villi in your stomach shrick as the frog-like lump makes its shrick as the frog-like lump makes its appearance among them, and you think you are going to die then and there. "Don't you like it?" your hear some one say. You struggle back to conscious ness and murmur your fear that you are not educated to such a high point

> "O, never mind," is the consoling reply. "You'll be so fond of it in a day or two you can't keep house without it." You know better than that, but you offer no contradiction to the assertion. But if you would leave the islands with a conscience untainted by poi you must hold to your resolution to abstain from tasting the stuff again. This will be difficult to do. You will see all your acquaintances dipping into their calabashes and hear them expatiating on the delights of poi, and you begin to aspire to taste again. You think about it by day and by night, and at last you venture. You take another

step along the downward pathway.

As the poet has so touchingly described

of taste.

"You first endure, then pity, then embrace" the calabash. Poi is a dish that must long remain peculiar to the Hawaiian islands-always, in fact, unless some means are contrived for preserving taro so that it will stand export. Poi is made from taro, a root resembling the turnip. It grows in the water, with a large, handlieving pain and restoring the natural functions of muscles, nerves and skin. Do not be deceived by misrepresentations. Ask for ALLOOKE, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a specific pair of the natives which has a more desome, green leaf, and it is almost There is also an upland the natives which has a more de cided taste, and which, as I learned to my cost on tasting it raw, bites the is the chief vegetable in the island and in early days constituted the native's principal crop. When cooked it assumes a mottled gray and white ap pearance very like the lava rock that abounds every where in the islands. The process of manufacturing the poi is quite a lengthy one. A great hole is dug in the ground, and into this the taro roots are placed around piles of hot stones. The earth is then heaped over the place and the taro left to steam. When the taro is thoroughly cooked, which operation often takes several hours, the roots are dug out again, peeled, and put into a huge stone recentacle, in which they are pounded to a pulp. This work is performed by It is an arduous task, and the men. on a hot day (and nearly all days are

brow, but mixes it as well largely with The "pol of commerce" is now made by machinery. The natives, how-ever, still make their own. When the mass is thoroughly beaten and smooth it is mixed with water to the proper consistency, about like good hick paste, strained through a coarse cloth, and set away for two or three days, until it begins to ferment, when t is ready to be eaten. It then tastes little like buttermilk, and is very nutritious and wholesome. The natives -Mr. Chimpanzee-"That ostrich eats | eat it by the gallon. Give the average untive a big pot of poi, half a dozen raw fish, and a bottle of gin and you may have the kingdom and the rest of the earth as well. He will squat upon the fish, take a bite from its raw side. pack it in a mouthful of pol, and wash the whole down with a swallow of gin and repeat the process until all have

not on the islands) the pounding of poi

is a scene over which it is desirable to

draw a veil. The poi pounder not only

earns his bread by the sweat of his

disappeared. Singularly enough, revolting as this sounds, the actual scene is far from being disgusting. I have watched a dozen natives feeding thus, all dipping poi from the same calabash, and seen dainty and cleanly table manners in nany a backwoods hotel in the states. Why should we swallow a raw ovster without winking and shiver at the thought of raw fish is one of the mysteries of asthetics few can solve. -San Francisco Call.

-- Husband (listening)--"I think there s a burglar in the house." W.fe (ex-"Mercy me is my nighteap on straight?" - Somerville Journal.

Old War Traits. Blobbs-Col. Bloodyfield's old war traits still cling to him. Slobbs-How so?

Blobbs-I dined with him last night and he gave the walter no quarter .-Philadelphia Record.

Intuition.

Mother-Mabel, stop pounding your little brother! What do you mean? Mabel-Well, I told him we'd better play we was only engaged, but he wanted to play we was married -

JOY AT THE FAIR.

The Delightful Experience of Hard-Working Family.

"Wall, when be we a-goin' to the

"Hev you gone plum crazy, Eben Jenkins? The fair ain't for the likes of us. It's only for rich folks an' such! Don't you read ev'ry night 'bout the big doin's an' the hifalutin' times of the d'rectors, an' the furriners, an' the fixed-up women, gallavantin' roun' ev'rywhere? How'd we look, I'd like to know, attendin' of them receptions they're a-havin' of pink an' yeller an' all sorts of colors, to suit the skins, I s'pose, of all them natives from faraway countries?"

"It's noways likely. Alviry, that we'd be oblegged to j'ine these doin's. I've b'en a-workin' an' savin' for a hull year, jest to go to the fair a few daysyou an' me an' the children. It seems like it would give us a taste of somethin' we've needed all our lives."

"I s'pose you'll hev your way, Eben Jenkins; you most always do. But I can't for the life of me tell how we're goin' to pay for the winter's coal, an' the flannels an' shoes, an' ev'rything that'll be comin' along soon enough Of course, if you go to the fair I'm boun' to go, too, for didn't I promise to be your pardner for better or for worse, and if it's to be the city of destruction, so long's I draw a bre'th you'll fin' me by your side!"

"Never mine that, Alviry! I know you for a savin' an' a helpin' wife, but as long as I've two good hands you an' the children'll never go hungry, an' it's cause of all this that I think we ought to go to the fair, an' I'm mos' sure the money we'll spend'll be made up to us some way.

"I hope it's not flyin' in the face of Providence we are, Eben Jenkins, that's all I've got to say!"

"Next week the shop'll shut up a few days for repairs, an' then, Alviry, we'll all take a vacation an' see some of the wonders that the world has sent to Chi-

Full, indeed, were the next few days for the members of the little household. There were two children, Hiram, a sturdy boy of twelve, whose fertile brain was hourly working with tremendous zeal upon half-fledged impulses, and his little sister Ruth, who had quiet, dreamy ways, "for all the world jest like her father, imaginin' an' visionin',' her mother said, "but sweet an' lovin' for all that!"

It was but a few hours' ride to Chicago, and then Eben Jenkins and his wife and children drifted into the great human current sweeping on in ceaseless course to the White City and its won-

It was a pleasant sight to watch this family of four within the gates. The father was thickset and strongly built, with an air of rugged strength and purpose. His garments were chosen more for wear than nicety of fit; his necktie was awry and his stiff boots creaked, but there was something wholesome and helpful about him that rested all who saw him.

His wife was slim and spare and moved with nervous energy. Her clothing dated some seasons back, but this she did not mind. Fashion did not bother her. Hiram's jacket and trousers were of home manufacture, made from "father's," and large enough to "grow in." The only bit of finery about the party was little Ruthie's hat, with its pink ribbons and apple blossoms, no prettier than the childish face beneath them. The children carried between them a huge lunch basket woven of sweet-scented grasses, a family souvenir from "way down cast."

Through the streets, and over bridges. and on and on untiringly they went until they reached the Administration building. Scarcely had a word been spoken, the silence only being broken the children's exclamations.

Suddenly Mrs Jenkins stopped. She seemed strangely agitated. The veins upon her forehead were swollen, and her looks betrayed repressed emotion. "What is it, Alviry? Is anything the

matter? Are you feelin' siek?" "Feelin'! Eben Jenkins, what ain't I feelin'? I might as well out with it first as last! I'll give in, 'twas jest a burnin' shame of me opposin' you 'bout comin' to such a he'venly place! Seems like I can't get over it, an' I ain't got no words to tell how sorry I am, nor how glad I am that you went right on so quiet like an' had your own way. Why, it's worth livin' a full lifetime to leave the housework an' the drudgery and forgit it, as if it never was! With all the whiteness, an' the music playin', an' the peaceful feelin' everywhere, it's mos' like the fulfillin' of the blessed

'It's paid already, Alviry, bein' its gentle tones, turning toward her a beaming face, with a kindly light in his honest eyes. "It is real helpin' an' upliftin' like. An' don't you notice, Alviey, how there's nothin' noisy, nor cent piece and two pennies-which told me that she had dropped a portion of some money that she had taken with All this made me very unhappy. I detested mysteries, and it was evident that one of the sort which I had always thought unnatural when intro duced into the pages of novels had arisen in my quiet little home.

I remembered that I had met my wife by chance: that our introduction was brought about by a chance acquaintsuce, who really knew nothing of either of us; that she was alone in the world, without any living relative, or claimed to be so; a teacher of music, with few pupils, making a hard struggle for life. Very possibly a disreputable father or brother had turned up, to whom she was obliged to give assistance, and whom she did not wish me to know. It was a pity, but I would have no more of this. I would get at the truth and help her if I could. Then a terrible thought occurred to me. What if it should prove that she had married early in life: that a worthless husband had returned, and that she was trying to get rid of him? In that case what a goose I would be to meddle and force upon myself a terrible knowledge which

I might avoid. It was cowardly, perhaps, but I loved Fleda so dearly that I had rather be deceived in such a way-I never doubted her utter truth for one momentthan to be undecrived to my misery. And, hoping against hope, I permitted two more weeks to pass by without doing anything whatever. Then came an hour when graver doubts possessed me. My wife had sold the diamond earrings which my sister had given her upon her wedding day. I came by this knowledge while examining her desk for letters, and I believed that she in-

tended to give the money thus raised to the mysterious person who had the power to call her from her fireside when

Tile night on which I followed her was as beautiful as night could be. The air was warm and full of the breath of flowers. My wife wore a white dress and a pretty hat with daisies around the brim. She had told me a deliberate falsehood, asking me to stay at home to receive a friend who might call while she went to the dressmaker's

A wild hope that she had only been to this dressmaker before, and that the jewels were sold to pay some extravagant bill, filled my heart, but it van-ished as I followed her, and saw her leave the road after going a few paces, and take a by-path which ran back into our own orchard. It was a small place full of old apple trees. The moonlight failed to fill it, but I saw amidst the shadows of the foliage the darker shadow of a man's figure.

"Ye've kept me waiting," he whis "I could not help it," my wife re-

The man gave a low growl.
"Ye've got the money?" he said.

"For your own intherest you've got the money, the five hundred dollars." Where had I heard that voice before! "No," my wife faltered, "not so much;

the jeweler would only give me three hundred, but I have that.' "Ye must raise the other two," growled the man. "Oh, you'll do it, it won't be a great dale to pay to save them we know of from twenty years in jail. Prodhuce it and tell me whin, or, afther all, I'll tell the truth; it's my

duty anyway. "Oh, good Heaven! I've given you all I have!" cried my poor wife. "I can get no more.

She seemed almost to faint. Whatever this mystery might be, it was my duty to defend her. I strode out of the shadow, and, with-

out warning, stood before them. "Fleds," I cried, "what does this mean? Whom are you talking to? I must know! I will know! Do you faney I have been blind to your meetings with this seoundrel?"

"Oh, don't speak so, dearest!" she "Don't anger him. Go away. You don't know your danger."
" 'Danger!" I cried, clutching the

collar of the man, who strove to rush past me. 'Come; let me see whom I have here." I dragged him into the light, and

saw our porter, Honest Jim, and no other. "Jim, by all that is comical?" I said. "And what is he to you, wife?"

"Oh, don't! Don't!" cried Fleda. "He knows all! He knows all!" "Fleda," said I, "whatever he may know about you, have no fear. You

are my wife. I love you. Nothing can alter that." "Oh, it isn't I, Henry! It is you! He knows all about Razzle Dazzle, and what you did to get the money to bet on him. It was such a temptation, I know, my poor husband! And he swore he would not betray you if I gave him five hundred dollars. But I have not been able to raise it. I will, though. Spare

will earn it, somehow!" cried Fleda, wildly.
"What confounded blackmailing trick is this?" said I, shaking Honest Jim

my husband, and I will! Yes! Oh, I

furiously. "Pl'use, let me go!" groaned Jim. "You put it into my head with your talk of your missus fearing you'd go wrong. I was up before you the night of the storrum, and she met me, and wus aisy tuck in. An' I tried it ag'in. You an' the divil put it into my head. Here's the money back. Don't choke me! Here is the money back.

"What did he tell you, you silly child?" I asked Fleda. "That you had robbed your employ-

ers to get money to stake on Razzle Dazzle," said she. "My only thought has been how to save you."

"Go!" I said to Honest Jim. "Show your face in the office again if you I dismissed him with a kick and took

Fleda in my arms. "So you'd be true to me if I were both fool and rascal?" said I. "Poor little

goosy." "And you'd love me if I had some dreadful story in my life?" said Fleda. And we were very happy as we walked home together, arm in arm, my wife and L-M. Cady, in N. Y. Ledger.

The Wretch. There were moving along the street quietly, he a stranger and she a resident, showing him the sights.

"There," she said, pointing out a house, "is the place where I was born." "Ah?" he responded with deep interest. "It must be one of the oldest done you good," said her husband, in houses in town."-Detroit Free Press.



Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipution It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the med profession, because it acts on the Kideys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

ctionable substance Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manifactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A DISTURBANCE

isn't what you want, if your stom-ach and lowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may re-lieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state af-

terward than before.

This is just where Dr. Fierce's Pleasant Pellets do mest good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasanter, but there's no reaction afterward, and their belp leasts. One little sugar-coated pellet for a gentle larstive or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constination —three for a cathartic. Constipa-tion, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Head-aches, are promptly relieved and cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is You pay only for the good you get.

PEREGRINE BROWN'S TELEGRAM When fill cures ill.

As it often will, Tis not always a homeopathic pill, But a dose, sometimes, that will cure or kill.

How the fates did frown On Peregrine Brown,
The wretchedest man in Meadowtown
When he went to buy,
The price was high:

When he went to sell, the price went down His pipe went out, while his chimney smoked. His well ran dry, though his hay was soaked. It wouldn't have been so hard to bear. If his placid wife had borne her share. Of Fortune's tricks in her own domain: But her butter "came." and the kindly rain Fell only on her servied box. Her pansy beds, and her starry phiox; Though the chimney smoked, her bread

Her ranks of milk pans silver bright; And she always sung the same old song: "It's all your fault that things go wrong!"

At last one day, At last one day,
A gate gave way,
And the cows broke loose in a wild foray
On his neighbor's cornfield. Hip, heoray!
If the last straw breaks the camel's back,
'Twere strange, indeed, if so huge a pack
Did not break down
Poor Peregrine Brown.

From his wife's shrill tongue and his neighbors' ire He fled; but the omnipresent wire, That probes the world with its points of fire.

Pierced to his hiding place. It said:

"Peregrine Brown, your child is dead;
Your wife is dying!" Home he sped.

Forgetting the ills that he had fled; Like gnat stirgs healed a month ago, In the terrible wee That froze his heart like a shroud of snow.

At the well-known farm, The angry neighbor touched his arm,
As he growled: "Now pay me for my corn,
That your cows destroyed:" With a flash of

Scorn Brown flung him his due. "New tell me, man, Does my wife yet liver. The churi bergn, With shame-flushed cheek, to make reply: "I had never heard she was like to die! Who told you?"—A patter of little feet Cut short his words. No sound more sweet is heard in Heaven. With sobs of loy. The father clasped to his heart his box

> Though the rain still soaks His hay and his rye; Though his chinney smokes, And his well runs dry; Though the price is high When he goes to buy And is low as his well When he goes to sell;

Though his "hired man" will run away On the very morn of a haying day.
Though his cows prefer green corn to hay,
And his wife still sings the same old song!
It's all your fault that things go wrong! Though the fates still frown (In a minor way)

Yet Persgrine Brown Is blithe and gay— In fact, as all his neighbors say, He's the happiest man in Meadowtown -Edward Payson Jackson, in Youth's Com

SHE MADE HER WILL

Miss Gallipot was certainly very rich and was said to be enormously so. And her wealth had come to her quite unex-

It would have been natural that her cousin, old Josephat Gallipot (of the firm of Gallipot & Jams), who was known to be a millionaire, should have left her something handsome. But no one could have guessed he would make

had quarreled with him. junior and was engaged to the milk-

Then Miss Gallipot wrote him a let-'MY DEAR JOS: I don't suppose it will make

any difference whether I write to you or But I have a regard for you, and feel it on bringing great misery on yourse

"You have a perfect right to marry again if you choose, and you can certainly afford to pick a wife who has nothing but herself to recom-mend her. But the girl you are choosing would be done at the price if also brought you her own eight in gold, and she's no feather by the look

beg you to draw back from giving her the op-portunity. She has no affection for you, and if you have any for her it will make it the worse for you. Your sincerely affectionate cousin SARAH GALLIPOT." To this letter no reply was sent, and a week later the milkman's fiancee became Mrs. Gallipot. No further com-

sephat Gallipot went the way of all flesh. No one was more simply astonished than Miss Sarah Gallipot when she learned that she had succeeded to his entire fortune. He wrote:

schold expenses have been seventy-five

with unavailing regret that I did not profit by The will was dated a fortnight before cupboard every gift that he or she had swindlers. his death, and in process was duly ever made to the deceased exactly as proved and seministered.

Then Miss Gailipot discovered how tenderly she was loved, and how count; etc., had (they were new informed) less were her kinsmen and kinswomea. For fifty-nine years she had been in the habit of considering herself as rather alone in the world. In her cirtieth year she found it was not so

Nieces dropped from the sky, nephews rose from the earth, the clouds distilled godenildren on to her head and ousins fell around her like hallstones. Nor did they come empty. Some brought game from the coun-

try, some sent choice fruits from their If she had lived to be seven hundred and eighty she could not have worn

out the cour bedroom slippers that were worked for hon and if she had and as many mouths as the Nile she could never have drunk up all the wines that were sent he

Dr. Terrill Has Returned From Chicago

Where he has been taking another course of ectures at the post gradu-ate schoo.

In this course the Doctor had the In this course the Doctor had the benefit of hearing lectures from some of the mott renowned specialists of the world, such as Dr. Auvard of Paris, Frederic, Schauta of Vienna, Dr. Thos. Moore Madden of Dublin, Dr. Joseph Price of Philadelphia, Dr. Howard A. Kelley of John Hopkins University, Br timore, and many other leading Specialists too numerous to meation.



Progress of Medical Science in the past few years-Diseases once considered Incurable now Readily Mastered by Greatly Improved Methods.

Medical science, in the past two years and even in the past year, has undergone an advancement in practical means of mastering the various obvoole diseases, equal to the load strikes of progress witnessed in the new science of electricity. A few years and it we were any number of scatced organic diseases, as of the imags, kidneys, liver, liver, learn, seamete any number of scatced organic diseases, as of the imags, kidneys, liver, l

Dr. Terri'l gets the latest improved instruments, remedies and appliances

Dr. Terril I gets the latest improved instruments, remedies and appliances for the treatment of all chronicodiseases.

THE ABOVE IS A CIT of the instrument used by Dr. Terrill in the examination for catarrh and all nose and throat diseases. Instruments and medicine furnished for home treatment. A written guarantee given in all curable cases.

Dr. Terrill has purchased the latest improved TRIUMPH INHALER which has given such wonderful satisfaction in the eastern hespitals in the treatment of all diseases of the respiratory organs as asthma, brokenins, hay fever and consumption in the earder stages.

Diseases of Women - Dr. Terrill has made Diseases of Women a specialty for the past twenty years, and has taken several courses of privace instructions in gynecology under some of the leading Specialists of the East.

The Dector has the latest improved instruments, butteries, electrical appliances, etc. for the successful treatment of all diseases peculiar to women.

NERVOUS DISEASES - Dr. Terrill a lates to call the attention of those suffering from Nervous Diseases, Faralysis, Nervous Prostration Seminal Weakness, Etc., to the wonderful cursive effects of Electricity when scientifically applied.

Dr. Terrill has taken several special courses in Electricity under such famous Specialists as Dr. Fra klin H, Martin of Chicago, Dr. Cleaves and A. D. Rockwell this world renowned Electrician of New York City.

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN. A SURE CURE The awful effects of early vice which brings organic was

We give a Written Guarantee to Cure the following Diseases: Catarib. Nervous Urethral Piles, Prostration, St icture, Lost Manhood, Varicoccie, Skin Disease Seminal Hydrocele, Ehenmatism, Syphilis in

Weakness, Ehermatism, All its orms.

Examination and consultation free Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

Our book of 75 pages sent free on application. Call on or address Dr. J. H. Terrill, President of the Kansas State Medical and Surgical Institute and Sanitarium at

158 NORTH MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KANSAS.

Devonshire cream came out of the other of the great London Papitals

And the letters of affection that accompanied them! These pass all description, and should have convinced
their recipient that of all the old ladies
that had ever lived she was herself the
dearest, most charming and most beleave and bequeath to my nearest relation, mail
leave and bequeath to my nearest relation, mail

Eleven years after the death of old Josephat Gallipot his cousin and heiress

It was a very hard winter, and from almost the beginning of it the old lady had declared that it would be her last on earth. Her house, Gray Court, was a very big

one; but it was soon filled to overflowing-filled with nieces and nephews, case. consins and godehildren, all eager to be "in at the death." Each had received a similar letter from the old lady's housekeeper saying:

"Miss Gallipot thanks you for your desire to come and bid her good-by, but she begs you will not take the trouble of coming so far. She appreciates all your affection, but would not like to Given a Stick and a Picket Fence the Boy trespass. If, however, you insist on coming I have her orders to prepare a

And each one came. Each found a comfortable apartment nital letters framed shall the eagles be gathered together." | tion without material change.

chamber of the hostess. past a sentry than to get past them.

mandate from the deceased's lawyer to felicity of rattling a hard stick against

attend the reading of the will. It was read in a very large room, like themselves for the first time.

breathed freely.

faithful to her during so many years. Then came a list of the names of all legacy and bequest as I have already edicated to you, my executor, and which you will in turn indicate and

munication took place between the the reading of this, my last will and cousins, and a couple of years aftertestament." The lawyer paused, and, rising from requested the attendant servants to draw back the curtains that hung on rings and rods all round the

hand over to them on the occasion of

This being done, large cupboards were disclosed, each having painted upon it in large letters the name of one of the lion's bill

To each guest the lawyer handed a meand dollars per amount in the common forms of the common forms o Each one found within his or her

> All provisions, fruit, cream, game, been immediately dispatched to one or

west; cakes of all sizes, shapes and de- But each cupboard contained also a scriptions came down from the north purse in which was placed the full and oysters from all quarters came raping at her door. And the letters of affection that ac- value of the other untouched gifts.

or female, known to me or unknown, of whom to cannot be proved that he or she has at any time shown to me any act of kindness, content, good-will, politeness or affection at least since the 3d day of January, in the year of our Lord 1877, whereon deceased my late cousin, Josephan Gallipet, of the firm of Gallipot & January.

The will provided that such claim must, however, be lodged within six months of the death of the testator. And thence arose the great Gallipot

The whole property subsequently fell to a distant relation of the Gallipot family, of whose existence most members of the family had up to that time

been quite unaware.-London Million

A RATTLING TIME.

Is Bound to Have It. "Every middle-aged man of sound memory who was brought up in town,' said Mr. Gratebar, "will recall the fact that when he was a boy he found great made ready for his or her arrival, delight in rattling a stick along the But Her Many Relatives Were and each found a Scripture text in large picket iences. This amusement of The text was the same in each period of life, appears to have been room: "Where the careass is there transmitted from generation to genera-Gray Court was full of guests, but not one of them was admitted to the dying and so on of the children of to-day are substantially like those of their fore-The doctors, or the nurse, or the old fathers. But it might seem to some housekeeper seemed always on guard, that this succession is in danger of beand it would have been easier to slip ing broken. In many suburban towns and villages there is now no picket On the last day of the old year the fence. The modern spirit says lawns, life of their hostess ebbed away; and and so there are many places where while the muffled peal was ringing out the houses are as if in parks, and where After he had been a widower twenty years old gossphat Gallipot made up his mind in marry his kitchen maid, who was set more than forty years his funeral, and, after it, all received a Lam quite sure have never enjoyed the the resounding pickets. It might ina storeroom, in which they all found that this is one of the enjoyments of childhood which in some families might The will commenced with liberal be be lost altogether; that one could quests to the deceased's doctor, lawyer scarcely expect the children of these and parish clergyman, benefactions to children who have never rattled pickets e local poor and to certain charities. to think of it themselves; but I cannot When these were finished the guests believe this. I believe, rather, that if in their youth the children of these Then followed generous legacies to children should come upon a town her servants and a handsome provision where picket fences still remained they for the old housekeeper who had been | would pick up the hardest stick and go quite naturally and very gleeful ly rattling it along the pickets; for the guesta. "To each of whom," said I cannot believe that a habit grounded the will, "I leave and bequeath such for centuries in the human race can be utterly lost by its lapse in a single generation.-N. Y. Sun.

Nothing to Worry About Old Gentleman-My stars! Why are you smoking on that keg?

ain't dynamite. It's nuthin' but powder.-N. Y. Weekly. Pollowing Up the Fads Sharp Dry Goods Merchant-What tre you at now?

Quarryman - Arra, be alsy. This

"All right. Charge him an extra one bundred dollars for sundries. "Hadn't I better put in the items?"

Bookkeeper-Making out Mr. Bull-

There are no items. They weren't "My goodness! He'll say we're

No. he won't He won't say a word." "Why not?" "Well, you see, kleptomania is very fashionable now, and he'll think his wife has got it "-N. Y. Weekly



